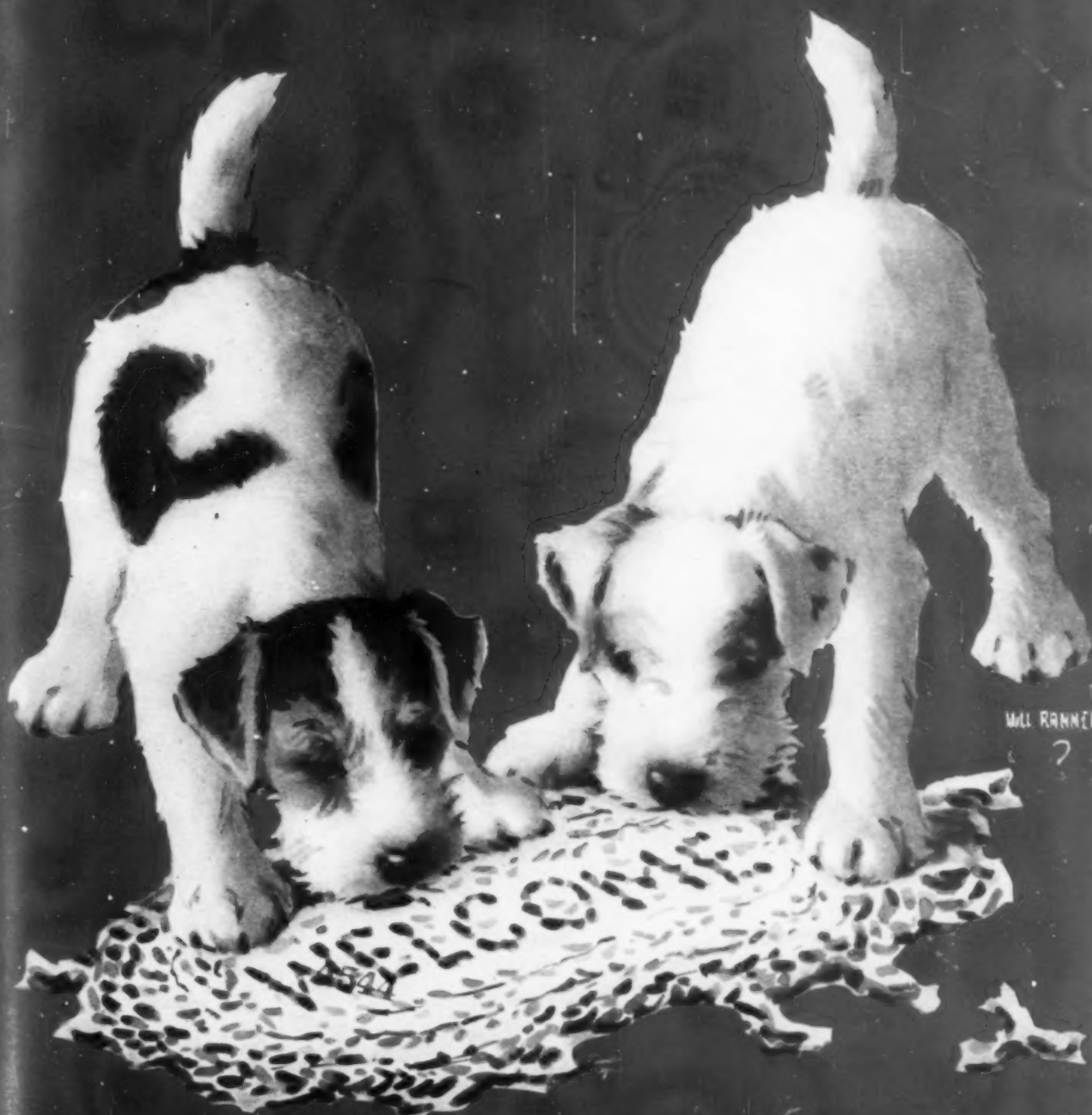


# Life

#2500.00  
PRIZE CONTEST  
in this issue



WILL RANNEILLS

# "Yes, Willard Mack is right, Luckies are best," says Paul Berlenbach

*Popular pugilist tells his manager, Benedict Sterns, that Lucky Strikes are the finest cigarettes.*



You, too, will find that LUCKY STRIKES give the greatest pleasure—Mild and Mellow, the finest cigarettes you ever smoked. Made of the choicest tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"IT'S TOASTED"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

## "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.



MADE OF  
THE CREAM OF  
THE TOBACCO CROP



**Willard Mack,**

Noted Author, Producer and Actor,  
writes:

"We people of the theatre are, as a rule, extremists. This is the reflex action from overwrought nerves. When a man smokes forty cigarettes a day, as I do, he must be sure of his brand. I smoke Lucky Strikes because I have found they are soothing to the nerves and at the same time they cause no throat irritation. My voice is always in perfect condition and I am never troubled by any coughing which might be annoying to me in my work as an actor."

*Willard Mack*

# Get it *Better* with a Grebe\*



## Gifts of Permanent Pleasure

THE pleasure in most gifts soon passes; that of a good radio set is renewed daily.

For enduring satisfaction, select a Grebe Synchrophase Seven. Its tone is so life-like, so natural—especially when combined with a Grebe Natural Speaker; it is so easy to operate and so extremely selective that you could give no greater gift.

And these qualities are *permanent*, for this receiver is the culmination of over eighteen years' experience in building, completely in the Grebe factory, only the highest quality radio apparatus.

*Go to a Grebe dealer and have him demonstrate and then deliver in time for Christmas. Booklet L gives full details.*

A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., 109 W. 57th St., New York City

Western Branch: 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Factory: Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Makers of quality radio since 1909

Grebe Natural  
Speaker . . . \$35  
Grebe Synchro-  
phase Seven \$135



# GREBE

SYNCHROPHASE  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
**RADIO**



© Copr. A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., 1927



## JUST YOUR DISH

**L**IFE—the perennial youngster—is up to his young-old tricks again—coming to the rescue of the harassed Christmas Shopper. He is ready to offer his delightful services just in time to solve the problem of the Unfinished List! LIFE is all set to go wherever he is wanted. And that means everywhere. From Main Street to Mayfair there isn't a home where LIFE would not be a welcome visitor fifty-two times a year. For when LIFE comes in at

the door, worry flies out of the window. Think that over and remember that LIFE for a Friend Means a Friend for Life.

**A**ND now, having made your decision, the coupon below will be found of enormous assistance. When you have filled it out and mailed it to us, we will send a Christmas card telling him—or her—how pleasantly generous and thoughtful you are.

*Obey That Impulse*

**L i f e**

I enclose \$.....for.....subscriptions  
to LIFE to be sent in my name:

434

Please send LIFE  
for one year to

Please send LIFE  
for one year to

LIFE, 508 Madison Avenue, New York

One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)



DEC 20 '27

© Cl B 760848

# Life



## The Age-Old Story

VISITOR: Why are you here, my poor man?

CONVICT: Because she loved nice things.

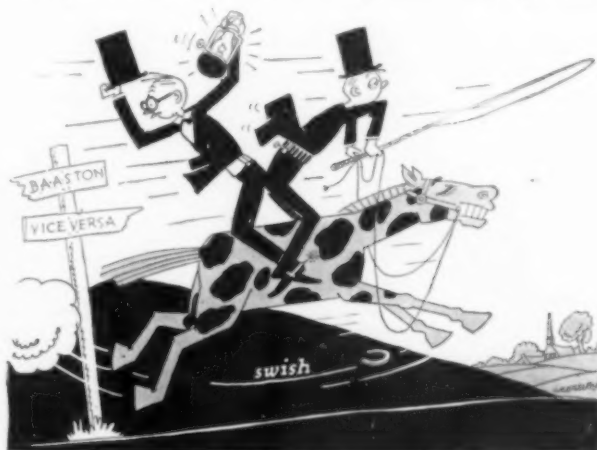
## The Rotary President Dines at Home

"WELL, boys and girls, here we all are together, and before we start on this dinner which I am sure is going to be absolutely the most successful one we have had since we moved into our attractive new home, I have just a few very brief remarks to make, which won't take a minute, because I know you are all anxious to 'fall to,' as the saying goes. In the first place, I don't know whether you have noticed it, but we have an absolutely one hundred per cent. attendance of the family membership around this table, which is something to be pretty proud of these days, but the good old Jones tribe can always be counted on to get together in a good old talk-and-eat fest any time, and, as a matter of fact, all over town people are saying, 'Keep your eye on the Joneses.' I tell you, it makes a fellow feel pretty good to hear that. Well, just a word

on business matters and then we'll 'go to it' 'with a vengeance.' I know these dinners are supposed to be places where we can just be 'jolly good fellows,' but I do feel obliged to report that the butter and milk bill this past month was something scandalous, and I want us all to try to 'pull together' and see if we can't retrench a little along this line,

which reminds me of a little story." (Ten-minute intermission.) "Ha, ha, ha! So now I want everybody around this table to shake hands, first with his neighbor on the right and then with his neighbor on the left, and remember, there is to be no 'Mr.-ing' or 'Mrs.-ing,' or anything, because, after all, aren't we just one great big family? 'What's the matter with the Joneses? They're all right!' Ha, ha, ha!" "Dora, how many times do I have to tell you that I hate chicken giblets in the gravy?"

Tip Bliss.



REGGIE: Has Phyllis any suppressed desires?

PERCY: Well, they'd certainly be suppressed in Boston.

## Another Fairy Story

RUTH: Are you going to wear your chiffon hose to-day?

MARY: Oh, no! It's much too cold!

"WHEN you told Jack to stop kissing you, did he stop?"

"Oh, yes—every time."



JANITOR: Did youse send for me?  
TENANT: I just wanted you to help me put some anti-freeze mixture in this radiator.

### The Reformers Do It

THERE'S nothing like combining the nation's moral forces into a great reform campaign. Such a campaign is so prolific of results, if it is done right.

Remember what a hullabaloo was raised a few years ago when it was discovered that the girls were parking their corsets at the dances? No sooner had the newspapers broken the news than the public speakers,

the reformers, and even the magazines took it up and hopped on it with both feet. A wave of condemnation and criticism swept the country, taking concrete form in an organized campaign of protest and opposition.

Was it successful? Certainly! You don't hear of girls' parking their corsets at a dance any more, do you?

K. Doris.



MOTHER (cleaning up): Now I know what Edna meant when she said she was going to throw a party.

### "Chicago Parade"

THE Chance of a Lifetime, Folks; You Can't Afford to Miss It! See the Lion-Tamer Defy Death! Watch Him Taunt the Lion and Bare his Breast to the Lion's Paw! Hear the Lion Roar, the Only Laughing Lion Known to Science!

Furthermore, Ladies and Gentlemen, We Have the Only Clown Ever Known to Double in the Desperate Feat of Lion-Taming! He Will Also Have Charge of Two Magnificent Tableaux, "Patriotism" and "Great Figures of History," Both According to His Own Conception.

Don't Miss the Thrilling Introduction by Cicero Machine Gun Unit 19. They Positively Will Shoot One Spectator at Every Performance! You May Be the Lucky One!

Now, Folks, Before the Main Performance, We Have Arranged at Great Expense an Armored Chariot Race Between the Bank Messengers and the Gunmen, Assisted by Members of the Police Department!

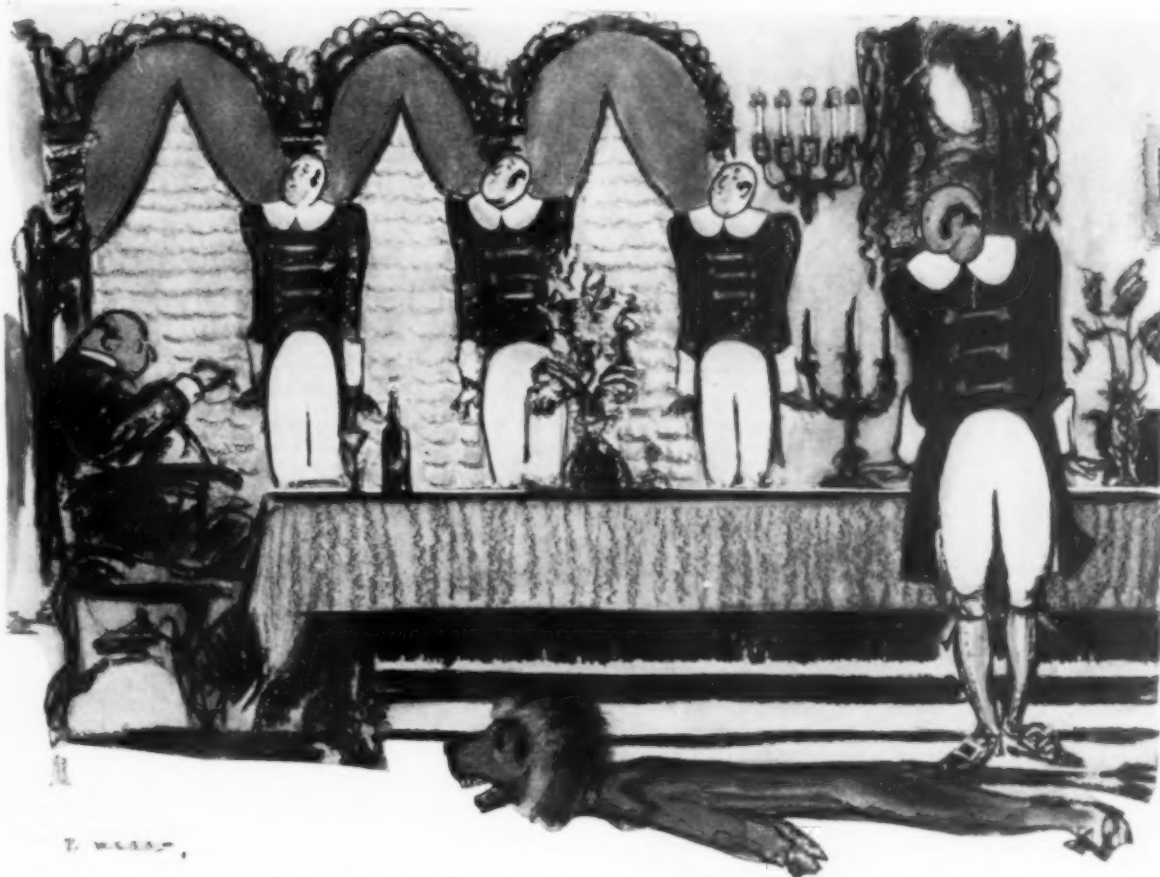
Gentlemanly Pickpockets Will Now Pass Among You. Have Your Money Ready!

B. F. S.

### How Time Drags!

"HAVE you been married long?" "It will be eight payments on the second of February."





Mr. New-Rich (to butler): James, bring me something to jade my appetite.

### Cui Bono?

"YES," said Santa Claus to the interviewers at the close of his long flight, "you can say that I did it for the wives and kiddies."

WIFE (to hard-working husband): I am glad you got a two-dollar raise, dear. And now let's plan what kind of a car we'll buy with it.



NEAT YOUNG THING: I want a nice cocktail shaker.  
FRESH CLERK: Will I do?

### Two Cloak-and-Suit Men Discuss an Employee

FIRST CLOAK-AND-SUIT MAN: So she wants it a raise, eh? I am leffink by her.

SECOND CLOAK-AND-SUIT MAN: By us she just got it a raise lest month.

FIRST C.-AND-S. M.: Ve should be like a couple of poker players, is it?

SECOND C.-AND-S. M.: Vell, she says she gets it a raise or she kvits us already.

FIRST C.-AND-S. M.: Then Leib and Loeb vill grap her right away, eh?

SECOND C.-AND-S. M.: Maybe ve hed better gife her a raise.

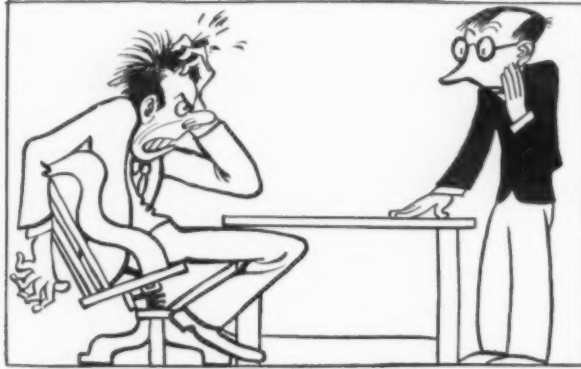
FIRST C.-AND-S. M.: Vell, she is a pretty good mofie star.

SECOND C.-AND-S. M.: And ve can afford to gife her another million a year, ain't it?

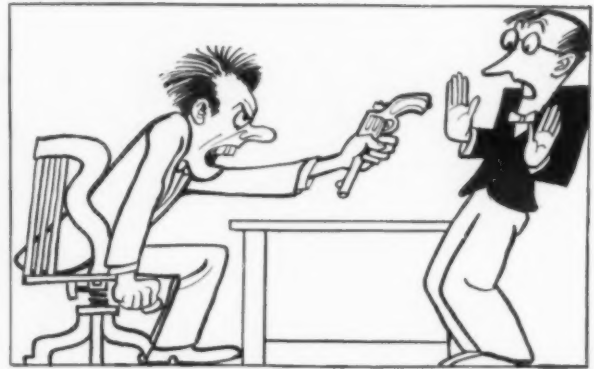
### No False Hope

KIND LADY: Don't you think that if you were to go back home you'd find a light burning there for you?

WAYWARD YOUTH: Not if Sis has still got the same boy-friend she had when I was there last.



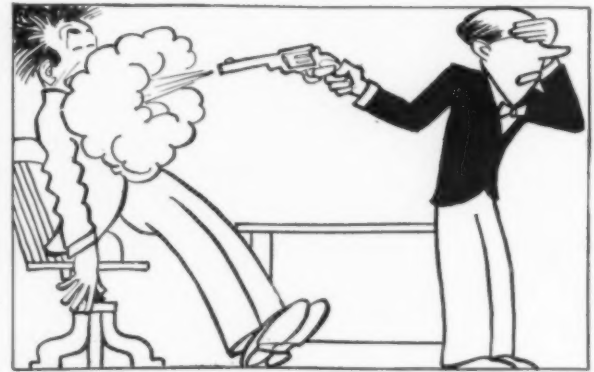
NEWSPAPER EDITOR: My gosh! There hasn't been a decent murder in weeks!



"Here, you! Take this gun and shoot somebody."



"Shoot somebody prominent. The paper needs news!"



REPORTER: I hate to do it, chief—but orders is orders.

### Some Reasons (Which Won't Come Out in Court) Why I'll Divorce My Husband (If I Ever Do!)

**B**ECAUSE, when I ask him to mail a letter, he always says: "I will if I don't forget it."  
 Because, when the telephone rings, he looks over his newspaper and suggests: "You answer it, dear. It's probably for you."  
 Because, when I ask him how he likes my new hat, he reserves judgment until he knows how much I paid for it.  
 Because, when he looks over a department store bill, he invariably inquires: "What *is* all this thread and elastic and stuff? Did you really need it?"  
 Because, when I ask him to call up some one for a table of bridge, he yawns and says: "Oh, I can't think of any one. Call any one you want to."  
 Because the cook babies him.  
 Because he reads the *S. E. Post* from cover to cover and rages like



Under the mistletoe with the acrobats.

a lion if any one touches the Current Issue.  
 Because, having read every story in the *S. E. Post*, he insists on telling me the plots.  
 Because he designates books by the color of their covers rather than the names of their authors (i.e., "I'm reading the orange-covered book on the library table"), and movies by the nights he saw them (i.e., "The picture we saw a week ago Tuesday with the Billings").  
 Because I lose my temper more easily than he does.  
 Because he has the pity of most of our friends.  
 D. J. K.

#### High Time

**M**RS.: Oh, Harry, I'm worried about the car!  
 Mr.: So am I; if we don't trade it in pretty soon we'll own the darn thing!



# Letters from Heywood Broun

DEAR EDITOR:

If you had just one hour before getting hanged, no offense, old fellow, what would you pick out to read?—Don't be silly! Don't you try and Shakespeare me. And none of that stuff about one last crack at "Paradise Lost." I know the answer perfectly well, even though I am the fellow that put the question. You'd ask for a newspaper. You might be interested in how the fight came out and you might have the hope that by some chance or other John Roach Straton had met with a nasty accident. But chiefly you would not want to die without seeing what was in the Column. Even under present conditions (I refer to the fact that Eugene Field is gone) a newspaper Column is pretty nearly the noblest work of man.

And I can tell you why it is more fun than a whimsical novel, an epic poem or a quaint essay. A good Column isn't about anything. When will you editors learn that it's this business of being informative and coherent which drives writers and readers into breakdowns? "What's your piece going to be about?" you ask a contributor before he's started. How can he tell until the thing gets rolling? And the other poisonous query goes, "Have you got any ideas?" Naturally I haven't. Not in the second paragraph. A writer ought to have the same privilege as a tap dancer and be allowed a few vamp bars in which to warm up. If this were going to be an essay it would begin, "Robert Louis Stevenson once said, after a particularly trying afternoon (this was before he made the begira to the South Seas and found quietude beneath the palm), he said when asked to name his favorite diversion —." And in fiction it would end, "I suppose," she said, "everybody expects it, but let's wait until the moon goes down before we tell them."

Life can be better than that. Why isn't there more demand for stuff written along just the way a man talks it? Players in the game have said that my poker talk ought to be

set down. Indeed, there has been an offer to get me a noiseless typewriter so I can jot as I go along and save myself the trouble of conversation. Don't worry, I'm not going to do you that story about the Thanatopsis Club. Somewhere in ten or twelve magazines I've seen that already and even if I did it and got by, what's the use of one white chip?

Still, there was a pretty good joke last Saturday. Mr. Kaufman said that Mrs. Kaufman expressed disapproval of the rich and ornate hangings at the house where they were dining and he told her, "Oh, that's just sour drapes."

PERHAPS, it was not you but somebody else who rebuked me for poker and late hours, but a creative artist has to have an income. Staying home and working hard every night gets you nothing. Of course, by putting time on it almost anybody can write a novel. But why does every author have to be a novelist? It's like this business that every actor has to play Hamlet and Romeo or die disgraced and sterile. Lately I've been running into a lot of hard-working young novelists and each time I've said, "There, but for the grace of God and ten years and maybe talent, goes Heywood Broun." The last one I saw wore a bull-fighter's belt of red and yellow and talked of the numerous calls which came to him for assistance. "I help all I can," he told us, "but naturally I have to refuse some because there are so many." I have never read any of that young man's books but I will, and if you have any sporting spirit I'll bet you I don't like them.

I HAVE not met the recent adolescent sensation, Cornell Woolrich, but I went part way through his "Children of the Ritz." This isn't easy for me to talk about because the novel received the \$10,000 prize offered by *College Humor*, a magazine to which I have sold two pieces, but if I never sell another, "Children of the Ritz" is out of Scott Fitzgerald

by Mal de Mer. There ought to be a law that no young man may write a book about flappers for the next ten years, and as for Irish dialect, that ban should be permanent. Dunsany once suggested that authors get together and make up a language to be called "dialect." This would be used whether the talk was supposed to be Scotch, Irish, Negro or Milt Gross. It would save a lot of trouble and I wouldn't be running into stuff like, "Is it on account of one of those hivvy dates of yours? Well, tell them ye've quit. Ye're nobody's chawffer from this day on." I cite page 62 of Mr. Woolrich's novel.

THERE is a good deal of argument on the question of whether an author ought to be familiar with the stuff of which he writes. A swell novelist (it's Harvey O'Higgins, to make no secret of the matter) says, "No." He contends that the best description he ever read of a tough party in a rowdy Paris café was written by May Sinclair and it is his distinct impression that Miss Sinclair never attended in person any such jamboree. And well do I remember a talk which Harriette Underhill and I once carried on with Florence Reed. Miss Underhill was voicing the theory that no actress could do a mother unless she had been one and so on. "Oh, please don't say that, dearie," interrupted Miss Reed. "In my next play I'm a harlot."

But nevertheless it is hard not to get annoyed when they get the stuff all wrong. For instance, in the Woolrich book there is an account of a stake race on the flat at a Metropolitan track in which the horses run past the stands three times. This is the race on which *Dewey Haines*, the chauffeur, wins \$50,000 on precisely the day the flapper's father goes insolvent. Right away you see we've got a situation. Still, she remained very snooty until he crumpled her lithe boyish form into his powerful but liveried arms. I didn't mind that so much but it did make me (Please turn to page 27)

## The Christmas Spirit Invades the Apartment House

Before the Holidays—

And After

## The Elevator Man

"HOLD the elevator while you go back for something? Certainly, sir; no trouble at all, sir. Fine, lovely, brisk, beautiful day, sir. But you'd better wear that heavier overcoat. And your rubbers. No, sir, it doesn't look so bad, but there ain't no use taking chances. Not this time of year. You get your mail all right, sir? You get your papers all right? You get the milk and cream all right? Let me post that for you. I've got a stamp right here. What time will you be back, sir, and what shall I say in case you was expecting any one? Oh, no, sir, no trouble at all. Good morning, sir!"

"LET 'EM ring! Bunch of stiff! What do they think I've got to do all day—run this damn car up and down? And that Hookus guy. I'll get him! Comin' in the car with half a can on and tearin' the decorations. After I lay out a buck and a quarter in the five-and-ten for decorations, the big stiff comes in half soused and tears 'em. They're all souses in this dump—souses and crabs and tightwads. I wish they was all dead on the floor. I'm gonna blow this joint now that the Christmas sugar is over. Ring, damn ya, ring! I'm running the car down to the basement and knock off a smoke!"

## The Superintendent

"GOOD morning, sir! Plenty of heat? Plenty of hot water? Anything need fixing up in the apartment? About that radio aerial, sir. The company of course don't allow no aerals on the roof, but you just let them rave away, sir. You got that aerial there, and that's that. And them boxes of yours in the trunk room. The company's orders is that only trunks are allowed, but if you was wantin' to store a couple or more barrels, I guess we won't say nothin', eh? Heh! heh! heh! And about that thing what you said ought to be fixed, I'll be right up and after it this very afternoon. Yes, sir!"

"COMPANY get on my neck, will it? All right. Bright and early to-morrow the hot water gets turned off and I lay up the boiler for repairs. That's how I feel about it. Might just as well shut off the cold water too. Them pipes has to be went over. Then I'll take out the light fuses and go over the wiring and rip all them damn aerals off the roof. Yeah, and I guess I'll throw all them boxes and junk out of the store room. I gotta make a stab at gettin' this dump in shape in case the company wants to raise the rents. In case—haw! haw! That's a hot one!"

## The Telephone Girl

"NO, sir, they don't answer. I'll try them later, sir, and call you. A Mrs. Goolick called, sir. She'd like to know if you'll come to dinner to-night and her number is Regent 5642 and shall I get her for you, sir? Operator, will you hurry that call or will I report you to the manager? A man was here with a bill or something and I told him you were out of town. And thank you for the magazines, sir. Oh, you're kidding, sir, I look like a head-on collision to-night, honest. Well, sir, you're not no pain in the neck yourself, either."

"SBIZZY! Swattim tellinya sbizzy! Seventeen chemises and fourteen pairs of silk stockings—they musta thunk I'm a family a' Siamese triplets. I'm tryin' yanummer! Atwater 3215 donanswer—Billings izzit, wellen whyncha sayso? No theyain't nobuddy callup wiyawazout—well, they diddin, thassall I know. Yanumma? Imsawry thawiyas izzall in use at presint. Wazzat? I said Imsawry-they-yain't-no-more-wiyas-at-p r e s i n t. Wazzat? Will I let yaknow wennere's wunnnavem free? Oh, sure, I'll write ya aletta!"

Henry William Hanemann.



BRITISH SOLDIER (at Bunker Hill): What's the use of us working our heads off to win this battle, anyway? They won't print it in the history books.



ISABELLE: After Jack's mistake, did you heap coals of fire upon his head?  
 BELLE: You just bet I did. And then I hauled him over them.

### What the Broadwayite Knows

**T**HAT he's pretty smart.  
 How a new show "went over" on the road.  
 Who writes a certain composer's music.  
 The real age of prominent actresses.  
 Who's Who at First Nights.  
 The "angel" who backs a certain producer.  
 The latest Rialto wisecracks.

How a certain critic keeps his job.  
 The newest speakeasy.  
 Who subsidizes whom.  
 How to mooch passes.  
 The *Variety* box score.  
 The real name of a famous producer.  
 How to get a note back stage.  
 Who's had a play turned down.  
 How much a week a certain actor really gets.

Why a certain actress quit the show.

### What the Broadwayite Doesn't Know

That Main Street isn't so dumb either.

Bernard Sobel.

### Rivalry

**T**HE door of the Indiana Penitentiary opened for a new prisoner. A few hours later, clad in prison garb, he was admitted to the inner keep. A lifer, who was lounging in the rear, yawned and said to his pal: "Let's go up and see what the latest Governor looks like."

"ARE you a wet or are you a dry?"

"I'm neither. I'm a candidate."

### For the Sake of Economy

**W**E rise to praise the brevity  
 Of all the cheerful bards  
 Who leave space for memorandums  
 On the backs of Christmas cards.



DINER: Waiter, what was in that dish I just ate?  
 WAITER: I couldn't say, sir. I'm a stranger here myself.



### True to Form

PLUMBER (on duck-hunting trip): Bill, run back to the shop and get my gun.



"Yeah—we feed him nothin' but Lucky Strikes, ma'am—fer his throat's sake, y' know."



# All-America Travel Contest

## Weekly Prizes

For the best answer to each of Kay Vernon's letters:

**First Prize** - - - - - \$75.00

**Three Second Prizes** of \$25.00 each

## Final Grand Prizes

For those who have the best record throughout the Contest as a whole:

**First Prize** - - - - - \$400.00

**Second Prize** - - - - - \$200.00

**Third Prize** - - - - - \$100.00



## THIS IS KAY'S FIFTH LETTER



DEAR EDITOR:

Seattle at last! Aeroplane travel may be all right for the "dumb" type of girl, but, honestly, I feel positively bursting with conversation, after traveling miles and miles without being able to say a word!

We stopped off at St. Paul, where I had my first glimpse of the Mississippi River. Just east of St. Paul, across the river, lies Minneapolis, its principal suburb; and I heard a lot of talk over there about the two places being combined soon under the one name—St. Paul.

Minneapolis was once famous as the home of James J. Hill and Schlitz beer, but now St. Paul leads in manufacturing, and besides it has the state capital and the beautiful St. Paul's cathedral.

Well, after a perfectly thrilling day, we hopped off for the west, passing over Phalen Park, with its wonderful Japanese Gardens, and flying over the Lincoln Highway, straight towards our next stop, which was Glacier National Park, in Wyoming. This was originally the stamping-ground of the Navajo Indians (you know they stamp terribly when they dance).

The first thing we saw when we taxied the plane up to the Glacier Park Inn was the shining summit of Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, the tallest peak in North

America. We saw long lines of Northern Pacific railroad cars, all bearing the stencilled image of a mountain goat. I enjoyed playing with the tame grizzly bears, and seeing the Triple Divide, waters from whose summit flow into the Gulf of Mexico.

We flew over Spokane with its famous hotel, the Hayden, and beautiful Lake Davenport shimmering in the sunshine, and then soared across the Sierras to Seattle and Tacoma—known as the "Sister Cities." They are divided by a huge mountain, which is called "Mt. Seattle" or "Mt. Tacoma," depending on where you happen to be standing at the time. Tacoma is on Puget Sound, where those darling crew men from the University of Washington do their practicing for the New London regatta.

The principal point of interest in Seattle ("The Lumber Capital of America") is a huge tower where the famous Smith Brothers coughdrops are made.

Lovingly,

*Kay*

P. S. To-morrow we leave Seattle and follow the line of the Columbia River south to Portland and then to California. Hooray!

## ADVICE TO CONTESTANTS

**R**EAD the conditions carefully! They will be found on page 31.

Be sure that your name and address are marked plainly on every sheet of manuscript you submit.

If you can't typewrite your answers, write them neatly and legibly.

At the top of each answer you send in,

mark the corresponding number of Kay's letter. For instance, your answers this week should be marked, "Answer to Kay's FIFTH LETTER." This will not be counted among the four hundred words. Nor will your name and address, or your signature, be counted.

You are eligible for one or more of

the weekly cash prizes—whether you have competed before in the Contest or not. The more of Kay's letters that you answer, however, the better will be your chance to win one of the Grand Prizes.

The Judges will consider only those answers which conform to the simple rules as stated in the conditions.

# Answer Kay's letter! Correct her mistakes!



### The Gay Nineties

Back in the days of "Full-Blown Womanhood," when nobody knew a calory from a corpuscle or cared a whoop about proteins, solids, roughage or vitamins, Christmas was a gastronomic orgy surpassing even Thanksgiving. Hired help was elbowed out of the kitchen by the women-folk of the family, and the featherweight Pastry Champion—despite vehement protests to the contrary—always insisted that her pie crust *this* year was not quite as flaky as it was last year at Sophie's.

### The New and Trusting Stenographer Literally Transcribes Her Notes

Fush & Fusher, Inc.,  
389 Weeup Street,  
City.

**G**ENTLEMEN (that's a laugh):

Your favor, if that's what it is, of the 9th inst. (I think it was the ninth; look it up) at hand and I note (a helluva one) that you request payment on your invoice. Your request, it appears to the writer (and what a swell pair of blue eyes you got, Miss Brown) is a little prema-

ture (and so was my marriage, Miss Brown; I was only a boy at the time) in that your bill was only received two days ago and we generally take at least sixty days (and a lot more of your time, Miss Brown, if we can get it) before we attempt to discount your invoices (Miss Brown, your knees make it very hard for a lad to keep his mind on Fush and Fusher's invoices). I have turned your communication (but not you, Miss Brown—just try and have some one get you away from me)

over to our auditing department (you and me both, honey) and you will probably hear from that department within a short time (thank you, Miss Brown; your lips are awfully soft, baby).

Very (you said it, big girl) sincerely yours,

OHMA POPPER CORP.,  
Per Tom F. Barry.

**T**HE cross-road marks the spot where the bodies are found.

# Precocious Peter

MRS. POMFRET stood on the threshold of her boudoir and with blazing eyes beheld Peter Pomfret, aged six, busily engaged in emptying the contents of her dresser drawers and throwing them to the floor. The youngster waded almost knee-deep in her precious lingerie and most beloved bits of fluffy apparel. He seized her stockings, her waists, her handkerchiefs, and crumpled them in his hands. Too amazed to speak, she watched him proceed to her closet, where he ruthlessly crushed her finest frocks and threw her shoes helter-skelter about the room.

"Peter!"

"Yes, Mumsie."

"What are you doing?"

"Playing, Mumsie."

"Playing! You mean wrecking the room and ruining my best and most beautiful clothes. I declare, Peter, you—"

"Declare, Mumsie—that's what I'm playing," Peter explained. "The bed is a big dock, the pillow is a boat and I'm a Customs Inspector examining baggage!"

(P.S. He got the spanking.)

Arthur L. Lippmann.



DOT: Gosh! That boy I was just dancing with certainly ought to have the S. P. C. A. sicked onto him.

BETTY: What on earth for?

DOT: Why, for the awful beating he gave my dogs.

# Success

UNCLE BOB: What are you crying for?

JUNIOR: Give me a nickel and I'll tell you.

"All right; here's your nickel. Now, what were you crying for?"

"A nickel!"

# No Argument

I AM firmly convinced that regions in which the rainfall is heavy are damper than regions in which the rainfall is light. London, it strikes

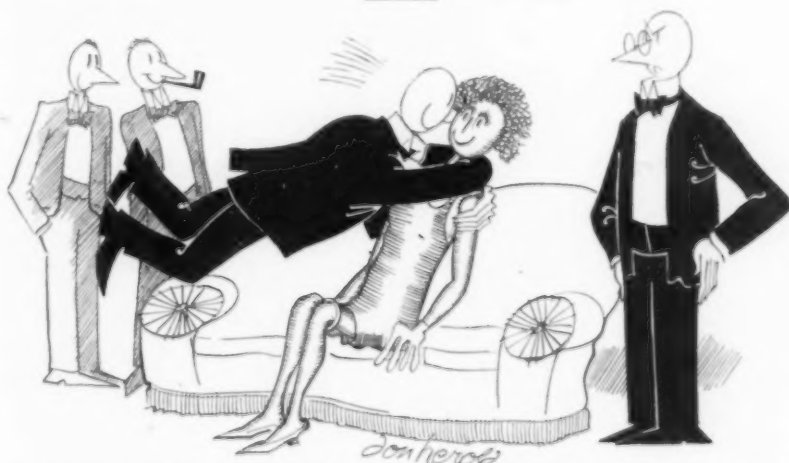
me, has a damper climate than Tucson, Arizona. This would hardly be true if more rain did not fall in London than in Tucson, Arizona.

Before leaving the subject of climate, I should like to point out that woolen underwear is not, as a rule, worn in the warmer sections of South Africa, nor are raccoon coats. In other words, there seems to be a close connection between high temperature and light clothing.

I firmly believe that a beautiful girl makes a greater appeal to the eye than a girl with buck teeth and a squint. Any attempt at an æsthetic defense of buck teeth and squints is, I think, open to challenge; and if I could put this more strongly, I would.

I also firmly believe that I ought to stop right here. Surely I have said enough to convince any thinking man that I ought to make an unusually keen writer of newspaper editorials.

Tup.



If tackling-dummies are necessary at colleges as part of the equipment of a liberal education, why not also necking-dummies in the department of social graces?





DECEMBER 22, 1927

VOL. 90. 2355

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*; CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*; LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary-Treasurer*; HENRY RICHTER, *Business Manager*.R. E. SHIERWOOD, *Editor*; F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor*; L. A. FLYNN, *Managing Editor*; E. S. MARTIN, R. C. BENCHLEY and F. G. COOPER, *Contributing Editors*.

AFTER Nungesser and Coli were lost in their attempted flight from Paris to New York a considerable fund was raised in this country, as will be recalled, for their families. It was proposed that the committee in charge should convey the funds to the families, but one member, whose name has never transpired, objected, and preferred that the money should be transmitted through the office of the French Ambassador. That made for one reason or another a long delay which in turn aroused protest, but finally the money was distributed.

Madame Coli, one of the chief beneficiaries, now complains to Premier Poincaré that the allotment to her and her three children, which amounted to about \$16,000, was not a proper proportion of the sum raised for Coli's dependents. She and her three children received a little less than \$4,000 apiece for their support, but the allotment to Coli's father and mother was about \$27,000. Of that sum when the parents die, half, under the French law, will go to Coli's brother, the other half to the three daughters. Madame Coli is not pleased with this distribution, and no wonder!

The trouble is, apparently, that the money, conveyed through the French Ambassador, came into possession of the French Government and was necessarily distributed among the beneficiaries under the Napoleonic code, which in matters of inheritance takes more thought for blood relations than for widows and more for ancestors than for children. What to do about it does not appear un-

less it is possible to raise some more money and slip it to Madame Coli unbeknownst.

THIS case is worth keeping in mind. In all cases of sums raised for relief of widows or for provision for the maintenance of women in France or Italy, care should be taken to keep the money out of the clutches of the Napoleonic code. That code is something more than a century old. The status of women has considerably advanced in that time. They figure now less as indispensable accessories to human life and more as equal factors in it. England is making progress in its conception of women's rights. Possibly Russia is. Turkey is moving on this subject. France and Italy are still rather old-fashioned. They do not see life as we do; they think more of the family and less of the individual. But still most of Europe is in a heavenly state so far as women are concerned compared with most of Asia, as one may learn out of such books as Miss Mayo's "Mother India." They tell us Genghis Khan was responsible for the death of forty millions of people in Asia and for the destruction of a thousand cities. He was a diligent and remarkable man, but one derives from Miss Mayo's book the impression that, after all, his labors were only a temporary palliative to Asia, and though they resulted in giving that continent a new start they may need to be repeated.



THE papers tell us that the report made on white slavery to the League of Nations by the advisory

committee appointed to advise the League Counsel on that subject is too hot stuff for the governments concerned, and has had to be modified and expurgated to save the feelings of various countries, especially of France, Poland, Rumania and Greece.

Oh, well, let us hope some one has got an unexpurgated edition of that report and will let it out. If the Society for the Prevention of Vice could be tied up long enough to let it get to readers, it would be a best seller and might do some good. Possibly even the Carnegie or the Rockefeller Foundations might handle it!



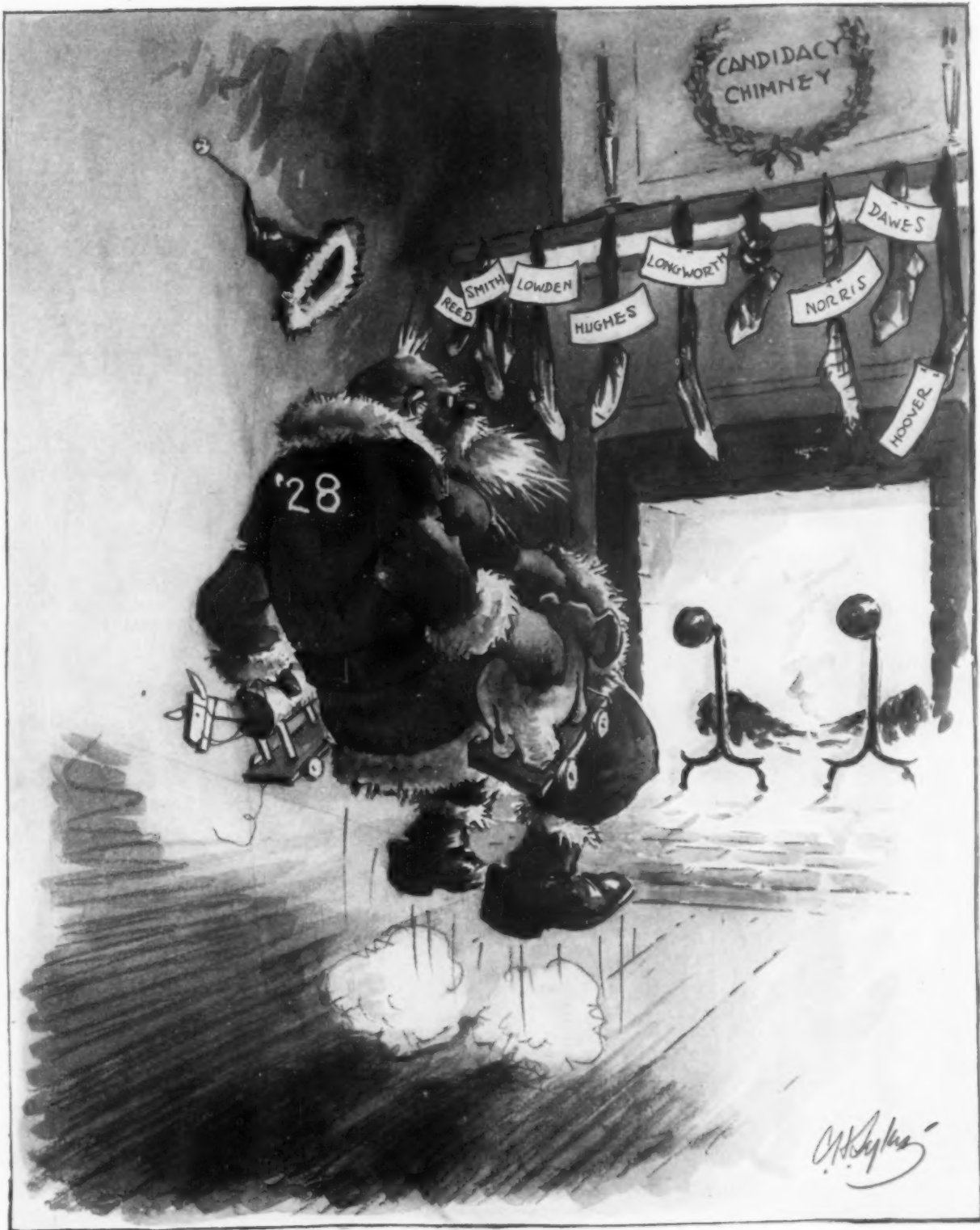
THIS is still a pretty bad world; it really is. A rumor says that chemists have found methyl alcohol in cigarettes. Let us hope it is not in sufficient quantities to bring our precious coffin-nails under the control of our sacred Constitution. But a lot of bad characters seem to have survived the Flood. These recent floods in Vermont, along the Mississippi, lately in Southwestern New York, and various parts of Europe and Asia seem not at all to help in eliminating the iniquitous. They bother the just and the unjust without discrimination and embarrass virtue even more than vice because virtue is the more provident and has more to lose. Even our modest civilization in these States, with the jails all running over with flouters of Volstead and victims of bad rum, is not the worst in the world, and will not so be found when that white slavery report is published.

Let it out, that document! The human mind needs to be distracted a little from mechanism and finance. Maybe it needs a shock and that white slavery report might give it as sharp a one as it has had since Stead printed in London his famous stories of the modern minotaur.

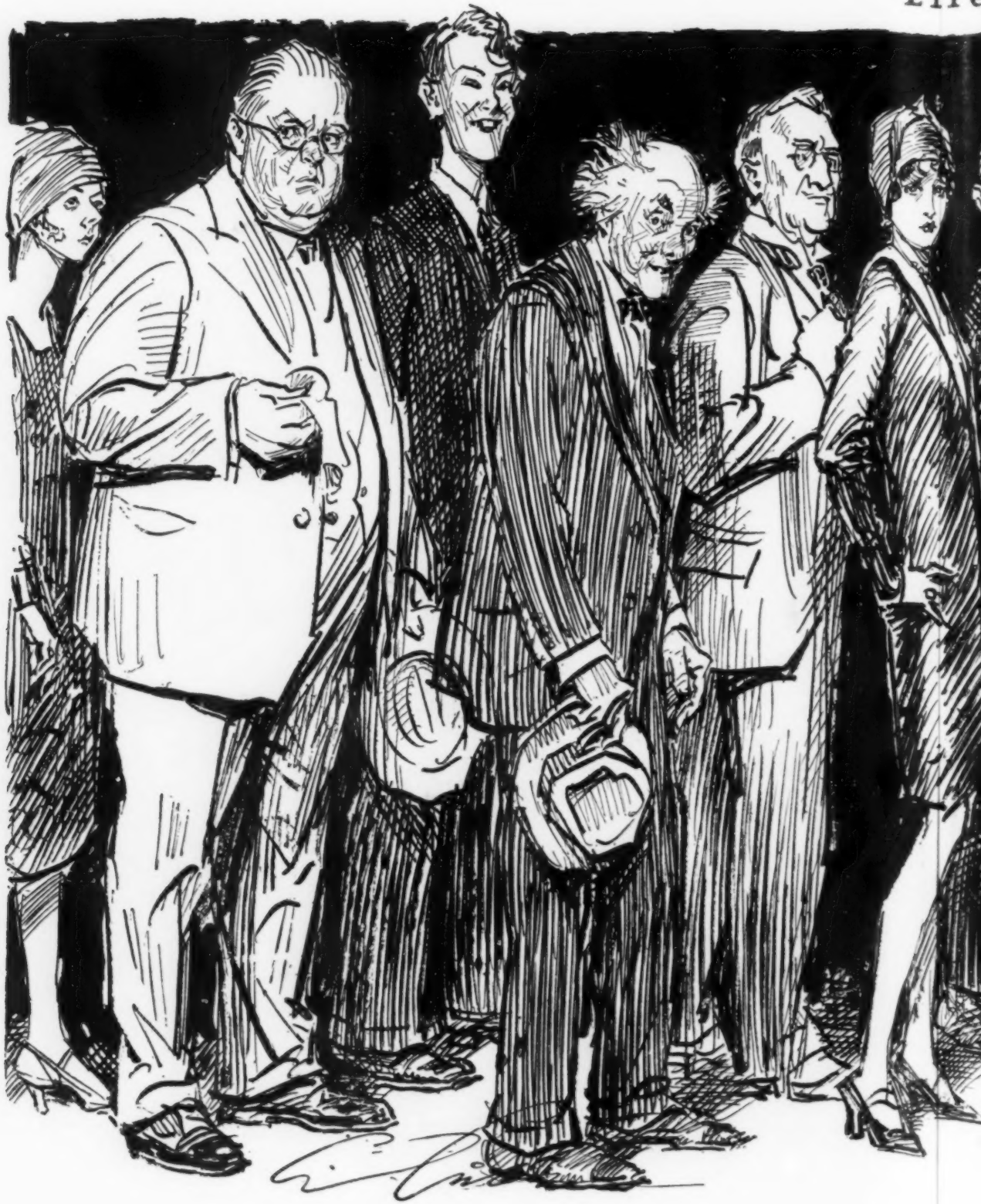
IT seems that William Hale Thompson was born in Boston. Commentators will say, meditating sadly, that Boston never did know which kitten to drown.

E. S. Martin.





"Well, a lot of 'em are going to lose faith in Santa Claus!"



Called for Jun

Life



or Jury Duty



# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Civic Repertory.** Fourteenth St.—Eva Le Gallienne and her little band fighting the good fight. See daily papers for schedule.

**Coquette.** Maxine Elliott's—A poignant tragedy, acted to perfection by Helen Hayes and the entire company. Should not be missed.

**Dracula.** Fulton—Dealing with such Christ-massy things as blood-sucking vampires, nomadic dead people and off-stage screeches. Just the thing for the holidays.

**An Enemy of the People.** Hampden's—Walter Hampden doing the right thing by Ibsen.

**Escape.** Booth—Human nature in its various attitudes toward an escaped convict. Told by Galsworthy and acted in fine fashion by Leslie Howard and others.

**Four Walls.** John Golden—Slightly sentimentalized account of an ex-gunner's struggle to go straight.

**Interference.** Empire—The old-fashioned London melodrama of love and poison, made effective by A. E. Matthews and a good cast.

**Irish Players.** Hudson—Whatever they are doing this week, it is worth seeing.

**The Ladder.** Belmont—This epic of reincarnation has lost money in more theatres in town than any other play in the history of the drama. The seats are free, by the way.

**The Letter.** Morosco—Last week of Maugham's rather disappointing play which has been swung along on Katharine Cornell's shoulders.

**Nightstick.** Selwyn—Good cop-and-crook melodrama.

**Out of the Sea.** Ellinger—To be reviewed next week.

**Porgy.** Republic—An excellent production showing Negro life in the South.

**The Racket.** Ambassador—A police-station as the scene of a Grade-A melodrama of Chicago crooks.

**The Trial of Mary Dugan.** National—Better than a real murder trial.

**Trigger.** Little—Reviewed in this issue.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** Around Somewhere—Last week, for the first time in five and a half years, we actually forgot to include this in the Guide, thereby demonstrating how Time heals all sorrows of the spirit.

**And So to Bed.** Sam H. Harris—What might have happened if Mr. Pepys had kept his diary another six months. Wallace Eddinger as the susceptible Samuel.

**The Baby Cyclone.** Henry Miller's—Very amusing farce about nothing at all, with Grant Mitchell starred.

**Banshee.** Daly's—Comic melodrama. To be reviewed next week.

**Behold This Dreamer.** Cort—Glenn Hunter in a satirical dig at Babbitty and modern art which would have been better without the satire.

**Brass Buttons.** Bijou—A good cast in nothing really much.

**Broadway.** Broadhurst—Why not see it again?

**Burlesque.** Plymouth—A mixture of good comedy gags and, at times, good sentiment, with one memorable scene from Hal Skelly.

**The Command to Love.** Longacre—Mary Nash and Basil Rathbone carrying on scandalously for the royster trade.

**The Doctor's Dilemma.** Guild—Shaw's slightly wordy but enjoyable crack at the medical profession, done to perfection by a cast which includes Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

**Fallen Angels.** Forty-Ninth St.—Fay Bainter and Estelle Winwood have one scene in this which makes up for the slowness of the rest of it.

**Immoral Isabella?** Rite—This leaves next week, so we won't have to see it after all.

**The Ivory Door.** Charles Hopkins—A fantasy by A. A. Milne which is nice at first but which grows a little cloying. Henry Hull is in it.

**The Love Nest.** Comedy—June Walker in a dramatization of Ring Lardner's story made by the editor of this paper. To be reviewed with fearless honesty later.

**The Marquise.** Biltmore—Light dialogue by Noel Coward, with Billie Burke to make it lighter.

**The 19th Hole.** Cohan—Comical golfing gags which you don't have to be a golfer to enjoy. Frank Craven wrote it and is in it.

**The Road to Rome.** Playhouse—Jane Cowl putting common sense and sex appeal into history.

**The Shannons.** Martin Beck—Mr. and Mrs. Gleason in highly enjoyable comedy with now and then a tear.

**Spring Song.** Bayes—To be reviewed later.

**Storm Center.** Klaw—Very mild entertainment.

**The Taming of the Shrew.** Garrick—Shakespeare improved by modern dress, with Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis.

**Weather Clear, Track Fast.** Wallack's—Unless you don't like horses you ought to have a good evening at this. Joe Laurie, Jr., heads the cast.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Artists and Models.** Winter Garden—The Winter Garden at its best. Florence Moore, Jack Pearl, Jack Osterman and Ted Lewis.

**A Connecticut Yankee.** Vanderbilt—A very comical and harmonious treatment of the Mark Twain story. William Gaxton and Constance Carpenter.

**Happy.** Earl Carroll—Another collegiate musical show and that's about all. Madeleine Fairbanks and Fred Santley.

**Harry Delmar's Revels.** Shubert—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Five O'Clock Girl.** Forty-Fourth St.—Good dinner-party show with nice tunes. Oscar Shaw and Mary Eaton.

**Follies of 1927.** New Amsterdam—One of the best of a long line. Eddie Cantor the star.

**Funny Face.** Alvin—Reviewed in this issue.

**Golden Dawn.** Hammerstein's—The last word in class, with splendid singing but thin comedy. Louise Hunter prima donna.

**Good News.** Forty-Sixth St.—The original pep show. Mary Lawlor and Gus Shy.

**Hit the Deck.** Belasco—Apparently impervious to competition. Louise Groody, Charles King and Stella Mayhew.

**Just Fancy.** Casino—A good, safe show to take anybody to. Raymond Hitchcock, Santley and Sawyer and Eric Blore.

**The Love Call.** Majestic—Musical Wild West, only fair.

**Manhattan Mary.** Apollo—That Ed Wynn show you hear so much about.

**The Merry Malones.** Erlanger's—Mr. Cohan himself in one of his less original works.

**The Mikado.** Royale—Last weeks of the best Gilbert and Sullivan you ever heard. "Iolanthe" Mondays; "The Pirates" Thursdays.

**My Maryland.** Jolson's—"Stonewall" Shubert marching through Maryland. Evelyn Herbert and George Rosener.

**Rio Rita.** Ziegfeld—A beautiful array of young ladies and allied arts. Comedy by Walter Catlett, Ada May and Bert Wheeler.

**Sidewalks of New York.** Knickerbocker—A dancing show with Ray Dooley and the entertaining Jewish team of Dale and Smith.

**Take the Air.** Waldorf—Will Mahoney very funny in an aviation musical show.



SHE: You can't make me believe you've never kissed another girl.  
HE: I know it—you've had too much experience!





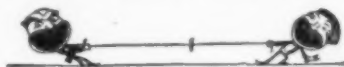
### Counting the House

WHAT with one thing and another, we never did get around to writing those gags for the musical comedy we were telling about a few weeks ago. It was such a warm autumn and, as we said before, funny gags are so hard to write. So, gradually our connection with the show became more and more academic, until we finally weren't connected at all. And here it comes to town under the name of "Funny Face" and is a tremendous hit. Wouldn't you know?

After we got out things began to pick up. Victor Moore was brought in to assist William Kent with what comedy there was at the time, and the result is that there is a lot more comedy. In addition, Victor Moore always makes us want to cry, which is a big asset in making people laugh. Every once in a while we drop in at "Funny Face" to count the house and figure out how much money we lost (it is well up into four figures already and we are putting it with the money we didn't bet on Tunney and are planning to buy a town car with it), and each time Mr. Moore's pathetic attempt at murdering Mr. Kent, together with the computation of our losses, practically breaks our heart.



BUT what we really drop in at "Funny Face" for, along about ten minutes past ten, is to see Fred Astaire's tap dance. We have seen that dance, what with rehearsals and all, perhaps fifty times now, and each time we get those things up and down our spine. To George Gershwin's "What Am I Going to Do?" it is one of the most thrilling dramatic events in town, which includes Max Reinhardt's spectacle. Mr. Astaire and his little sister Adele, who is one of the few lady comies in the land, are at their very best in "Funny Face," especially in a number called "The Babbitt and the Bromide" (also added after we got out), in which Ira Gershwin's lyric succeeds in introducing social satire into musical comedy, thereby establishing a record. What with the Astaires and the Misses McDonald and Compton, and Bobby Connolly's fast and expert chorus, and Allen Kearns (although he has too little to do), the dancing alone in this show is worth the price of admission. The next thing to do is to try to get admission.



FOR the benefit of those of our enormous following who think they still detect traces of this department's

hand in the book of "Funny Face", we may say that, on the opening night, when we listened to some of the lines which Fred Thompson and Paul Gerard Smith had written since we saw the show last, we rather *hoped* that people would think they were ours, but candor compels us to admit that they are not. To paraphrase Whistler, however, they *will* be ours in the next show we write.



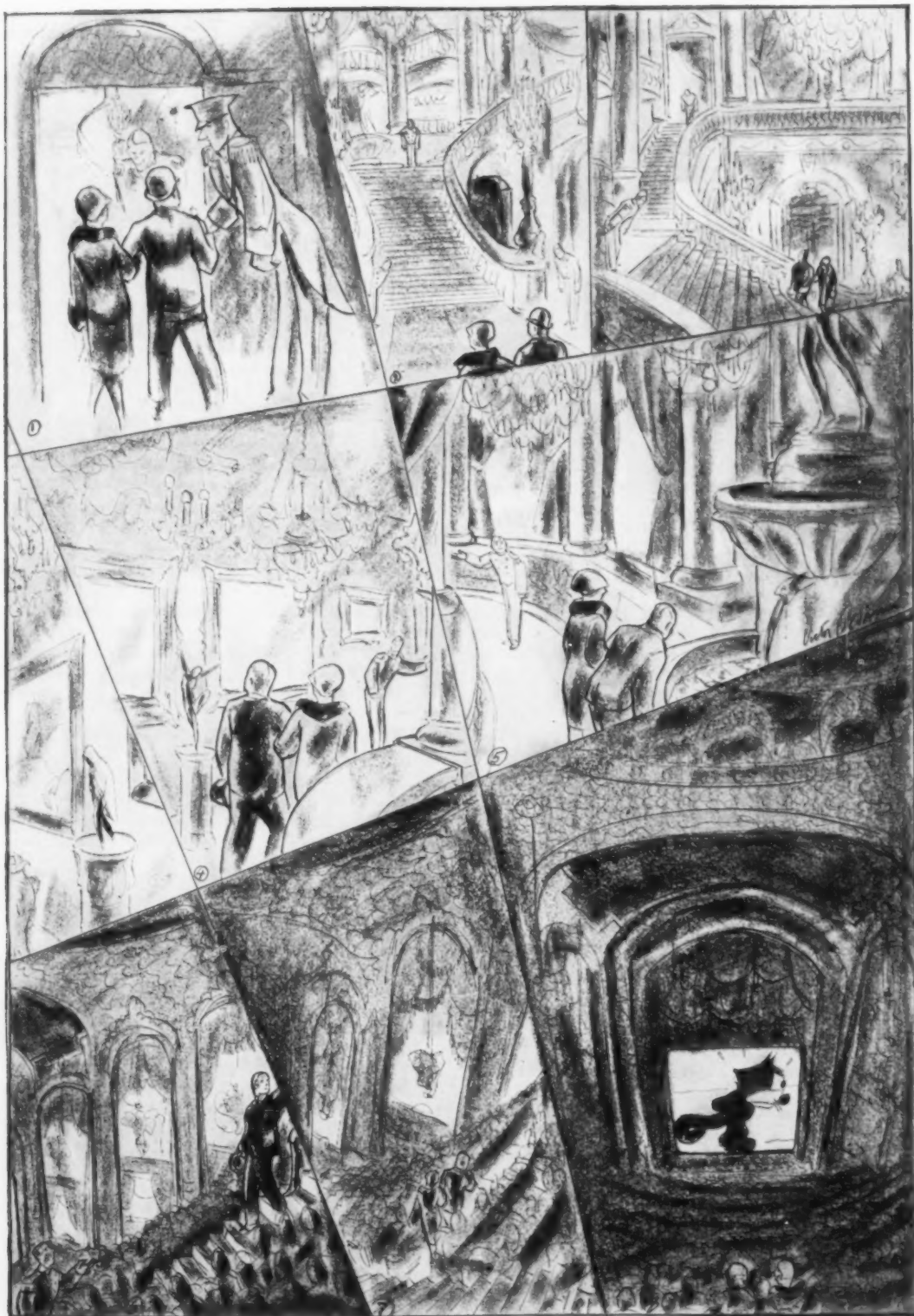
TO those who are not familiar with the headliners in vaudeville, the name "Harry Delmar's Revels" may not mean much, which is too bad, as they might eke out a very satisfactory evening's entertainment at the show. It has Frank Fay (who, ever since he told about his string-saving relatives a year or so ago, has been one of our favorite raconteurs), together with his gifted accomplices, Lew Mann and Patsy Kelly, the latter a young lady who should go far as a comedienne—not *too* far, we hope, because we like to watch her. It also has the comical Bert Lehr and Hugh Cameron, the latter, as usual, without much chance to show how splendidly crazy he can be.

There is some fine dancing by the Chester Hale girls, and there is Miss Winnie Lightner, whose songs are gradually getting more sanitary, much to her advantage. You will find no breath-taking novelty in the show, but it runs along from eight-thirty to eleven hitting a pretty high average of amusement. Its name ought to be its only handicap.



IF you had told us that we could ever sit through another play about mountain-whites, much less one in which a pert little hoyden wins the heart of a noble city-chap, we should have told you in return not to be silly. Yet we not only sat through Lula Vollmer's "Trigger," but came out to tell our clients that it was worth sitting through, too—up as far as the very last line, which we hope we didn't hear aright. Miss Claiborne Foster performs the magic feat of making a little minx of the old school into a new and affecting character, and unless we were just being made a fool of by a pretty pair of eyes, some of her work was quite a bit better than just good. We should like to let our experience at mountain-white plays end with this agreeable evening at "Trigger."

Robert Benchley.



The Art of the Motion Picture

### Forecast

THESE are the paths we walked  
in May,  
Your hand held close in mine;  
Our hearts so light the darkest way  
Had seemed incarnadine.

These were bloom-hidden paths that  
now  
Are deep in drifting snow;  
That seem the rendezvous, somehow,  
Of all the winds that blow.

And you, who have forgot the warm,  
Sweet things you loved to say,  
Between May sun and winter storm  
Have grown as cold as they.

These are unfriendly days; but then  
I know that May will come again!  
Edward W. Barnard.

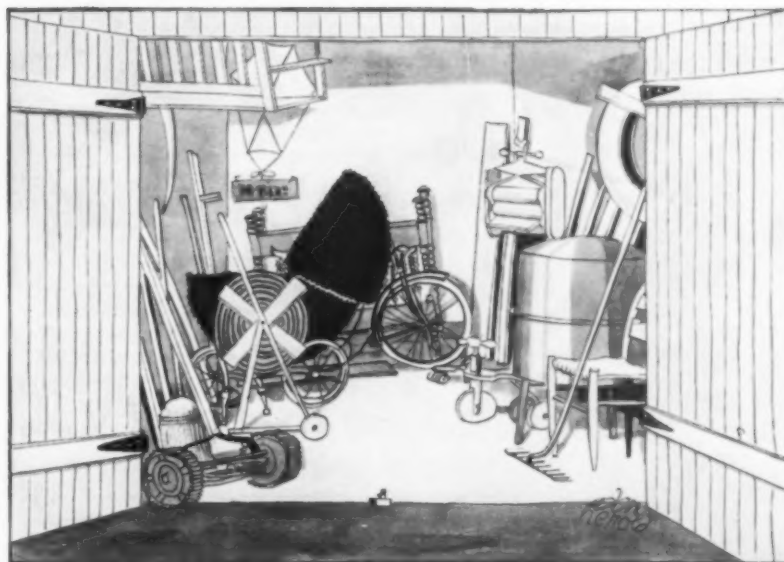
### Recognition

I UNDERSTAND Jones has been  
given a medal by the Society for  
Pharmaceutical Research."  
"Yes, he has invented three new  
types of sandwiches."

AN optimist is a man who reads  
the *Literary Digest*, hoping to  
find an article which gives only one  
side of the question.



FRANCIS: I hear Estelle's coming-out party night  
before last was a huge success.  
FRANCES: Rather! Some of the guests are still out.



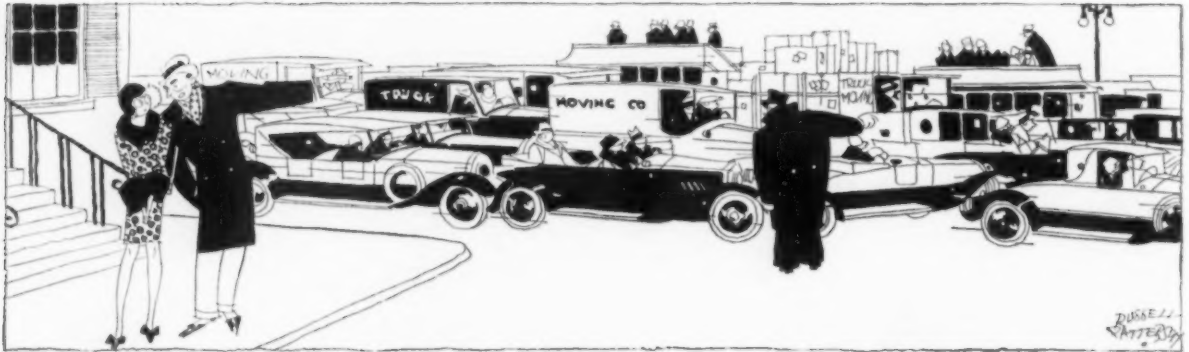
A Fine Chance a Man Has to Get His Car Into His Garage!

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

November 29th Awake betimes, full of  
high plans to get this  
and that accomplished,  
but Lord! I did fall a-reading Arthur  
Schnitzler's "Daybreak" after fin-  
ishing the journals, nor  
could I stop until I had  
finished it, neither, and  
so affected was I by the  
pace and depth of the  
agony of the poor devil  
about whom it was wrote  
that I did heave up my  
breakfast, as significant a  
piece of literary criticism  
as the book is likely to  
get, and a far finer com-  
pliment to the author  
than it sounds. My stom-  
ach a staunch one, too,  
but, Lord! my nervous  
system does resemble the  
great red team in not be-  
ing what it used to be. I  
did read recently that  
a college professor of my  
own name has a phobia  
which for years has pre-  
vented him from journey-  
ing any distance soever  
from his house except un-  
der the strictest compul-  
sion, and I was filled with  
alarm, for my fears of  
this and that have so de-  
veloped of late that, albeit

I can now change a gramophone  
needle without expecting to swallow  
it, I still do wonder if thin pieces of  
ice in a beverage may not be bits of  
broken crystal, and my terror of  
trucks five squares away is such that  
many a driver must have struggled  
with himself about his duty to drop  
me at Bellevue instead of at Bonwit  
Teller's. As Sam says, the goblins  
have certainly got me. Merci Es-  
monde to luncheon, and we did speak  
of the splendid olden days when the  
general conception was that there  
was nought to give a man at Christ-  
mas save handkerchiefs and cravats,  
but the advertisement writers have  
done away with that, alas, for now  
every woman who can read knows  
that there are such things to give  
him as silver flasks, shooting seats,  
Liberty dressing-gowns, golden to-  
bacco-lighters, and cat's-eye sap-  
phires, and the information does  
make considerable financial difference  
to her. We did also agree that any per-  
son overusing the adjective "exqui-  
site" is likely to mispronounce it. To  
a decorator's in the afternoon to see  
about new hangings for my room,  
and after looking at a fine array of  
stuffs and planning this and that  
aesthetic venture with my furniture,  
I did demand of the amiable sales-  
woman how she would do up a  
room for (Please turn to page 30)





DESPERATE LOVER: If you won't marry me I'll...walk right out into the traffic!

### The Ladies' Republican Circle of Camphor, Ill., Dedicates a Tablet

(Mrs. Maude Evilynn Pratt, Madame President, Speaking)

"**L**AYDEEZ anduh jentull-menn awv thiss gra-a-a-ayte ass-embble — laydeez awv thee Reepubb-licunn Sir-kull anduh gessstss—it iz my dooth, anduh I may say azz well, my gratti-fi-cay-shun, to pllase uppon thiss moddesst tabb-lett a fecoo awv Gardz luvleh flowwuzz, anduh too say a fecoo harrt-fellt wurrrds inn onnuh awv wun awv thee moste lyunn-harrted staytss-munn, wun awv thee moste selfless pay-tree-otts awv olll tyme. Thiss moddesst tabblett—farr, farr tooo moddesst faw thee duzzurtss awv himm hooze deeedz it cawmem-murrates—iz thee work awv arrtiss-tic hands. It iz thee giffit awv luv-ing anduh dee-voted harrts. Thee tenduh blah-ssumz that I pllase uppon it are thee prodduct awv Heecumm hooo guides ouwuh gla-a-a-aw-riuss Ree-public frawm try-umph too try-umph. They are thare-fore peec—kyooll—yulleh fit-ting faw thiss purpusss, beecaue thee bolde staytss-munn hoom wee are gathudd here to onnuh, hee tooo iz helping too guide ouwuh magg-niffissnt lland frawm vietreh too vietreh....Doubtless, yoo awll reem-membuh thee bluddeh daze awv thee Grayte Wa-a-aw....Hoo was it thatt badd uss keep ouwuh currage str-rong? Hoo was it thatt cried inn voiss awv Thunduh, 'No Merr-seh too thee Ennummizz awv Sivv-ill-ey-e-zayshun!'...Hooo butt Linkun Seece Burrlap, thee Ree-pubbl-licunn Sennetuh frawm thiss disstr-ict? (Uproarious applause.)...Nevvuh haz hee failed hiz cunntrah inn tyme awv need. Nevvuh haz hee turrnd hiz fayce frawm dane-julh....Hwenn thee Redd Handuh

awv Boll-shee—vizzm huvvud ubbu-uss, hoo was it thatt turnd hiz grannit fayce twawd it and said, 'Thuss far shalll yee cumm anduh no-o-o-o farthuh.'...Hoo was it?...Eggen, furrends anduh cumm—pay—triuttss, it was Linkun Seece Burrlap! (Wild applause.)...Weeuth thee pay-shuntss awv Linkun, weeuth thee wizz-dumm awv Waw-shing-tunn, weeuth thee moddessteh, thee sellf—eefacing sye-lunts awv thee gurrate Calll-vin Cooooooo-lidge, say-vyuh awv ouwuh prawss-per-riteh, hee haz carreed on! (Frantic applause.) Wee have askd hecum too say a fecoo wurrd to-day. Hee iz here with uss in purrr-sunn! Oh, my furrends, yoo doonott know, yoo cannott know how it fillz my harrt, how it soowelllz my burressst, too bee here on thee same plat-fomm

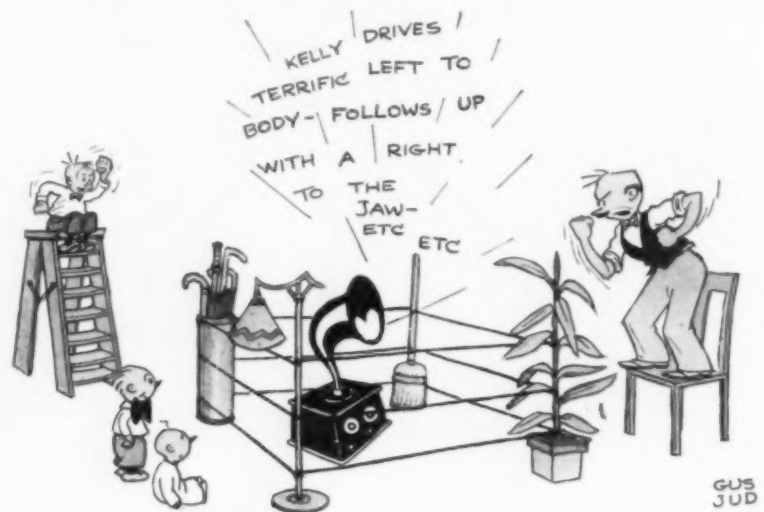
with this wunn—duffl staytssmunn! ...I will not tresspass longer on your time. I will turnd mine admiring eyes, mine eeceguh ears twawd thee man hoom wee deelight too onnuh, ouwuh bulll-wukk awv Libb — but-teh...bulll-wukk a wv thee Reepubb-licunn Parteh...purrhapsss thee gurr-aytssst staytss-munn, with thee excep-shun awv ouwuh beeluvvd Perrezzidunnt, that ouwuh cunntrah haz evvuh perroe-dewced....Sennetuh Lin-kun Seeceee Burrlappp!"

(Pandemonium.)

Heman Fay, Jr.

### Speed Test

**S**HE: How fast can your car go?  
**H**E: Oh, about three hundred billboards an hour.



Radio Realism



## It Was the Greatest Surprise of Their Lives

THEY all laughed when I stepped up to the piano, for none of them had ever seen me touch a piano before; but their laughter soon turned to amazement.

Without a moment's hesitation, I pulled the tackle in from the window, strapped it to the piano, and in a few moments it was safely lowered into the street. You, too, can learn piano-moving in your spare time. Write to the Ajax Piano Moving School for free demonstration.



She Winked at the Law.

### Afterthought

"HOW much is the first payment?"  
"Two hundred dollars."

"How much time do I have to pay the balance?"

"Eighteen months."

"What will you allow me for my old car?"

"Thirty-seven dollars."

"That's fair enough. By the way, what is the make of the car you handle?"

Bill Sykes.

THE difference between Mussolini and the ex-Kaiser is that Wilhelm, at least, gave God some of the credit.



"My dear, I never have been so embarrassed in my life. Just as I was about to cut her so beautifully...I sneezed."

## JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I've had the most HECTic DAY! I mean I'm ACTually on the VERGE of COLLAPSE because I simply HAVEn't had a MINute, do you know what I mean? Well, ANYways, I had to simply DRAG myself out of BED at TWELVE because all these GIRLS in the Junior LEAGUE show inSISTed on coming over to reHEARSE and abs'lutely EV'rything went WRONG, my dear, because I had to sort of sit VAGUEly holding the CRYPT or whatever you call it of this odd MUSical comedy which we're VIOlently at-TEMPTing to proDUCÉ, my dear, and sort of FRANTically trying to PROMPT and that LYDia SWALL NEARly drove me FRANTic, my dear, because she TRIPPED HEAVily over the piAno stool and went FLAT on her STERN amid the BRIC-a-brac and WHATnots and MOTHER deSCENDED upon the proceedings screaming impliCations and actually BURSTing into TEARS. So everybody sort of FLED hither and YON practicably OSSified with TERROR and the TELEphone started RINGing MADly at this point and, my dear, it was a long-DISTance call from New YORK for ME from this BOY who used to be CRAZY about me, my dear, but who I hadn't laid EYES on in YEARS and he must have been TERRibly TIGHT because he wanted me to come to New YORK and MARRY him imMEDIATEly and go LION-shooting in AFrica or something—can you BEAR it, my dear? I mean it was ALL terribly VAGUE, sort of, and I was honestly reDUCED to a PULP by the time the MANicurist and the HAIR-dresser arrived and I had FIVE COCK-tails, no less, before DINner and if SOME one doesn't PLY me with cham-PAGNE at this DANCE to-night I simply KNOW I'm going to DIE the death of a rag DOLL—I mean I ACTually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

### Complications

BEGGAR: Can you spare me a dime, sir, for a cup of coffee?

PEDESTRIAN: No, I'm broke. I haven't a penny to my name and— Great heavens! My pockets have been picked!!



"Look, Jake, he's looping the loop!"  
 "Don't talk so loud—you might rattle him."

### General Knowledge

"Newspapers teach pupils when illness closes schools."—*News Item.*

**W**E have culled some typical questions from the comprehensive examination to which the children were subjected after a week's use of newspapers as textbooks. Now, children, put on your thinking caps and remember, no copying!

#### History

1. Write briefly on the marital history of Peggy Joyce, including:
  - (a) Names of husbands in chronological order.
  - (b) Causes of divorce in order of importance.
  - (c) Territorial acquisitions.
2. (a) Name three causes of Mayor Thompson's war with England. (b) Name three results (other than "Sport" Herrmann).

#### Geography

1. (a) Draw map of New Jersey—put crosses on the

spots where murders took place.

- (b) List three other products of that State.
2. Draw the map of Gene Tunney.
  3. What does your textbook mean when it says "Rain To-morrow"?



**GOLF PROFESSIONAL:** I tell you, golf ain't like culture—you can't pick it up in no fifteen minutes a day.

#### Arithmetic

1. An arena seats 150,000. There are 140,000 ringside seats at \$100 per, and 10,000 box seats at \$50 per. Divide the receipts by Tex Rickard.
2. Give an example of a long count.

#### Grammar

1. Define: "Aggregation of pigskin chasers."
2. Diagram: Quiz Jilted Suitor in Deb Killing.
3. Parse Henry Ford.

#### Literature

1. Give a brief synopsis of the thirtieth installment of "Ashes of Souls."
2. Quote ten consecutive lines from Eddie Guest.
3. Write a brief character study of Cicero Sapp.
4. Who is the author of "How I Keep My Face Beautiful" by the famous actress, Gloria Fay?

*Nathaniel Fein.*

### Perfervid Albion

IN a speech at Glasgow Lord Riddell charged America with seeking to dominate the world in Commerce, Finance, Art and Literature. Startled, we hastened to the United States Chamber of Trade and Board of Commerce, who gladly gave us a round-robin statement to the effect that their sole aim in existence is to utterly crush England commercially. The heads of all the great banking houses 'n New York are unanimous in the tense ambition to ruin England financially, feeling sure that the worse off England is the better off America will be. They were glad that Lord Riddell had warned England, as she would thus be prepared to accept the worst. The Cosmopolitan Museum of Art jumped at the chance to be quoted as follows: "Our entire organization speak and think of nothing but 'Der Tag' when we shall have stripped England of every artist and work of art worth a swear."

Numb with concern for a country that is really quite all right, we hastened to the Authors' and Publishers' Cahoot League for the verdict on England's literary fate.

"We confidently expect," they



"He thinks he can start a fire by rubbing those sticks together."  
 "The poor sap! Doesn't he know that those automatic lighters never work?"

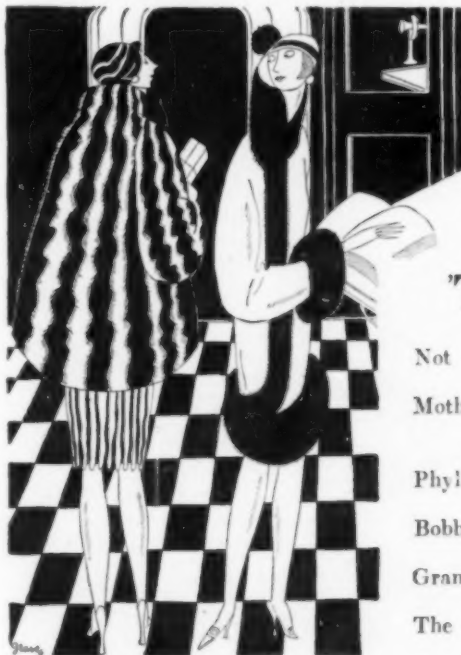
stated, "that in ten years not only shall we have rendered England one hundred per cent illiterate but the English language itself will cease to be heard in the land. In fact, we have just finished the preparation of a crude dialect to take its place over there. Co-operating with Mayor Thompson of Chicago and some fearfully intelligent British peers, we are devoting all our energies to circulating rumors calculated to breed unfriendliness between England and America. We think it is an awfully bright thing to do."

F. G. C.

### The Modern Way

'T WAS the night before Christmas and all through the house Not a creature was stirring—  
 Mother and Father had gone to the theatre and a night club.  
 Phyllis was dancing at the Ritz.  
 Bobby was out in the roadster.  
 Grandma was playing poker at the club.  
 The mice were visiting a butcher shop.  
 Can you blame Santa Claus for being peeved?

S. M.



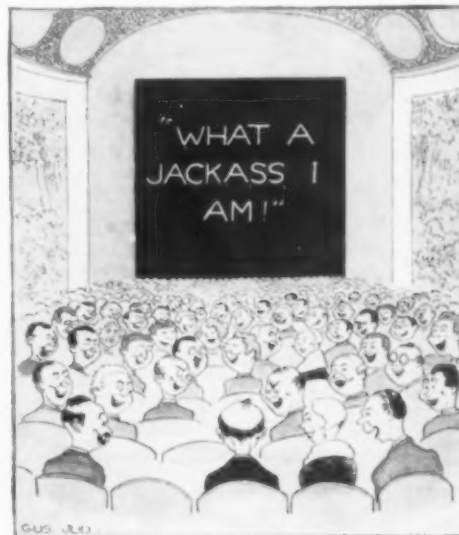
"So you are secretly engaged to Tommie?"

"Yes, I haven't told him yet."

### Ask Them Another

SINCLAIR: What are we being tried for to-day?

FALL: My lawyer says for tampering with the Special Grand Jury that was called to consider the charge of our tampering with the Grand Jury that met to investigate the charge of our tampering with the Grand Jury that was called to consider the charge of our tampering with the Grand Jury that indicted us for tampering with the Federal Jury that was trying us for conspiracy a while back.



The Man Who Reads the Movie Titles Out Loud Comes to Grief

## THE SILENT DRAMA



## "Love"

THERE have been recurrent reports that Greta Garbo has walked out on her job in Hollywood—and after seeing her two most recent pictures, I can well understand the motives behind her mutiny.

If ever a new actress got off to a flying start, Greta Garbo did just that in "The Torrent" and "The Temptress." And if ever a promising actress was done wrong by, Greta Garbo has been done just that in "Flesh and the Devil" and "Love."

This ravishing and unusual creature, this priceless gift to romance-starved humanity, this glorious princess o' dreams, is being butchered before our very eyes. Her cruel employers are forcing her to go the way of all flesh (and how!), and are sliding poor John Gilbert along with her.

It's enough to make strong men break down and weep.

IN "Love," both Miss Garbo and Mr. Gilbert appear to distinct disadvantage. They are equipped with an illogical, inconsistent and rather ham story (and if you hasten to tell me that Tolstoi wrote it, my answer is, "What of that?").

When, at the conclusion of "Love," Miss Garbo casts herself before a moving train, one gathers that it is the natural action of an intelligent

person who has been compelled to work through—let alone sit through—a picture like "Love."

There are at least two meritorious elements in "Love." One of them is Brandon Hurst and the other is George Fawcett. The collar of Mr. Gilbert's uniform is also pretty impressive.

## "The Spotlight"

WHILE I am on the subject of my personal likes and dislikes (and when am I otherwise?), I may as well announce that I am also tired of comedy-dramas of back-stage life in which Esther Ralston plays amusing pranks on the hero.

In this one, called "The Spotlight," she appears as Lizzie somebody-or-other, who acquires a Russian accent and a black wig and becomes famous.

Even apart from the staleness of its subject matter, "The Spotlight" is a very pallid piece of work.

## Bulletin

FROM Jackson E. Towne come the following suggestions for a Great American College Movie:

"In this picture the hero will matriculate as a Freshman, but when

the time comes for the big football game a few weeks later he will not be able to make the winning touchdown for dear old Tait, for the quite natural reason that, being a Freshman, he will not be eligible for the Varsity team.

"There will be a professor who, when the hero finally does win the game for dear old Tait, will not be seated next to the heroine and will not manifest more enthusiasm than the entire cheering section.

"The hero's parents will attend the big game, but this will not be the first football game they have ever seen, for they will have frequently witnessed their son's pigskin prowess at preparatory school. Consequently, they will not register fatuous pride nor extreme indignation at comments of praise or blame of their son overheard from adjacent strangers in the stands.

"There will be a trainer for the team, but he will not bet everything down to his undershirt on the outcome of the final game."

Furthermore, the hero's roommate will not be a puny, bespectacled grind who will hotly defend his pal when all the other students have erroneously assumed that the hero is yellow.

In fact, it will probably turn out that the hero is yellow.

R. E. Sherwood.

## Recent

**The Gaucho.** Douglas Fairbanks has set an amazingly high standard for himself—and this one isn't quite up to it.

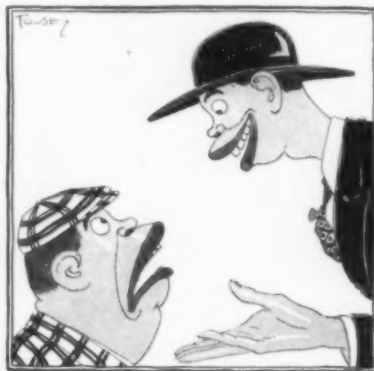
**Uncle Tom's Cabin.** Real blood-hounds and real ice—but it's still a phony melodrama.

**My Best Girl.** Mary Pickford as ever. **Sorrell and Son.** An unevenly played but beautifully directed story of a soldier's heroism after the war.

**The College Widow.** Dolores Costello completely surrounded by football players in a generally entertaining comedy.

**Two Arabian Knights.** This stands as the most uproariously laughable of the year's movies.

**The Magic Flame.** Ronald Colman



"Don't yo' wish yo' had a job, Rastus?"  
"Deed Ah does, Sambo, wid all dese holidays a-comin' on."

## Developments

and Vilma Banky in one of those romances.

**The Angel of Broadway.** Tears from the old hokum bucket.

**Quality Street.** Quite quaint and quite dull.

**Tell It to Sweeney.** This is funny, too.

**Jesse James.** Making a Y. M. C. A. secretary out of a good bad man.

**The Fair Co-ed.** Marion Davies in something terrible.

**The High School Hero, The Student Prince, Sunrise, The Garden of Allah, Wings, The Patent Leather Kid and Underworld.** These are all recommended.



## Letters from Heywood Broun

(Continued from page 7)

sore when Cornell Woolrich grew lyrical in his descriptive writing and said, "She opened her eyes wider than they had ever been opened before—oyster-white track bed—" She should have opened them a little wider, for if Mr. Woolrich or his heroine, *Angela Pennington*, can show me any track in this neighborhood which looks white even on the driest day I will agree to roll a peanut for six furlongs with my nose.

I won't deny that there can be a lot of time wasted in chasing local color. When I was right out of college and working on the *Morning Telegraph* I never went straight home but stopped a while at Sweeney's or Gallagher's or the Eldorado. In casting up accounts after remorse set in, I used to tell myself, "That's necessary. You've got to see life. You've got to get material for a book you're going to write some day."

Well, I finally did write the novel. There is no need of mentioning the name, since it has gone quite out of print. There never were so very many copies. And in that book, "The Boy Grew Older," I wrote one paragraph of maybe two hundred words which was suggested by an incident occurring in the Eldorado. All the rest of the money which I had spent for drinks was just wasted.

Sincerely yours,  
HEYWOOD BROUN.

### Finis

SHALL I, intent on leaving,  
Bid you a sad good-by,  
Our lives asunder cleaving?  
Shall I?

Our days of spotless sky  
Are vanished past retrieving:  
'Twere best we cut the tie....

Then you, with bosom heaving,  
Sorely shall weep and sigh—  
And I, with talk of grieving,  
Shall lie!  
D'Annunzio Cohen.

### Over the Phone

"DR. BLANK—come quickly—  
my wife swallowed the baby  
—no, my baby swallowed my wife—  
no, my wife's baby's safety pin—I  
swallowed my safety pin's—my wife  
had the baby and dropped the pin,  
I mean the baby picked up my wife  
—please hurry!"

A FOOL and his money soon get  
a wife.



## Cast Away on a Desert Isle!

Are you one of those unfortunate  
castaways who have to pay the dentist  
out of that section of your budget marked "Books"?

YOUR woes are at an end. Just follow the footprints to the Golden Book and you will find exactly the immortal literature which seems to cost so much in any other form. The Golden Book is a magazine well printed and finely illustrated. Its table of contents is compiled from the best literature of ancient and modern times, from rare, unusual writings. There is never any second-rate material in the Golden Book. There is no need for its editors to employ uninteresting fillers, because they have the whole field of literature to choose from.

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with all its wealth of subject matter, for a year for less than the price of one of the fine novels which you will find reprinted in its pages, original illustrations and all.

Or perhaps you are shipwrecked in a circle of acquaintances  
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Are you marooned with not a sail in sight because business  
and social worries keep you too busy to read?

Follow the footprints across the sand, and find the Golden Book, the sort of magazine you've been waiting for all your life. In it you'll read the chosen works of those masters of the magic word whose writings are real literature. The best short stories of all time, the poems you've heard quoted, the philosophies you've always intended to investigate, the essays you would choose to read above all others, all these make the Golden Book a magazine so readable, and literature so available that even your spare moments will count if you spend them with the Golden Book's absorbing variety.

You may not care for the particular desert island where you are cast away. Most people don't. But even if you are off the trade routes, without much chance of rescue, hang your shirt on the tallest tree, take a spy glass and watch for a sail—but in the meantime—follow the footprints—find the Golden Book—which is the ideal companion) and begin to enjoy life on your own island—as you never have before.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORP., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York

I followed the footprints in search of a Man Friday for my desert island. I think the Golden Book will exactly suit me, so please enter my name for a five months' trial subscription for which I enclose \$1.00.

Name.....

Address.....

# Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

## Blue Monday in Camelot

ONE day while Sir Lancelot dreamed of romance a lot,  
Rose a great clatter; he sprang up disgusted.  
He ran to the battlement to learn what the rattle meant—  
There in the courtyard the clothes-line had busted!  
—"Lounge," in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

## At Long Last

FIRST GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL:  
I hear poor old Smithson has passed away. He was ninety-four.

SECOND DITTO: Yes, he never really recovered from the shock that the modern girl gave him in the 'seventies.

—Punch.

A NEW YORK department store is seeking a Santa Claus who resembles Bernard Shaw. But there are lots of people who don't believe in Bernard Shaw, either.—*New York Evening Post*.



"DON'T FORGET, MARY, THAT I AM NOT AT HOME IF THE GENTLEMAN IS A BORE."

"HE IS NOT, SIR. I ASKED HIM."

—*Passing Show (London)*.

## "We" and "It"

LINDBERGH, who refused to benefit financially from his flight across the Atlantic, was asked to dinner with the President. And that shows what honors may be won by refusing to commercialize one's heroism. Ruth Elder, whose flight across the Atlantic was strictly a money-making stunt, was asked to dinner with the President, and went into the dining-room on his arm. And that is an indication of what honors may be won by being a pretty girl.

—*Houston Post-Dispatch*.

## The Lobster

THE lobster believed his ambition To be served à la Newburg patrician.

He remarked with a sigh:

"We lobsters must die In order to win recognition."

—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"I must say that when at last the house was completed it was an awful shack to us."

—*Short Story*.

ANOTHER "desirable residence" that wasn't.—*Humorist (London)*.

WHAT this country needs is a good five-cent nickel.—*Film Fun*.



THE ABSENT-MINDED SMOKER BUYS A PATENT LIGHTER.

—*California Pelican*.

## The Bedside Manner

"My dear Grannie, I hope you are quite well..." This was, I thought, how every schoolboy, condemned to write to his grandmother, began his letters. But I have found a variant. The young hopeful is a doctor's son, and he began: "My dear Grannie, I hope you are free from all diseases."

—C. J. A., in *London Daily News*.

## Don't Bet on Fights!

"THIS boxing is a devious business," said the Confirmed Skeptic. "They threw a towel into the ring at the fight last night and it was marked 'Pullman.'" —*Detroit News*.

## Radio Version

WYNTER ys y-cumen in,  
Lhude syng WCCN.

—*Chicago Evening Post*.



"CERTAINLY, BARONESS, I MIGHT PLAY MY SONATA FOR YOU, BUT I FEAR I MIGHT INTERFERE WITH THE CONVERSATION OF YOUR GUESTS."

"OH—THEN IF YOU DON'T PLAY IT TOO LOUDLY..."

—*Le Petit Bleu (Paris)*.



AN ENGLISH SPARROW VISITS MAYOR THOMPSON.

—*Ohio State Sun Dial*.

## Show Business

RECOGNIZING Howard Thurston, the magician, in a barber shop one morning, a man said to him:

"You didn't have everything in your performance that you show on the bills."

"What was missing?" asked the magician.

"Well," replied the man, "I didn't see any of those little red devils which the bills show standing on your shoulder and whispering in your ear."

—*Youngstown Telegram*.

## And How!

"WHAT instrument do you play in the jazz band?"

"I shoot the guns."

—*Country Gentleman*.

To get the full significance of the college spirit it is necessary to wait until it turns against a losing football coach.—*Toledo Blade*.



"THIS LETTER-CARRYING IS NOT SO BAD, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW HOW IT MOUNTS UP IN SHOE-LEATHER."

"YES, I CAN WELL BELIEVE IT—ESPECIALLY THE LETTERS TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES."

—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.

### A Variety Critic Covers a Wedding

ONE of the burg's wows was the Fitzritz-Jenks tie-up yesterday P. M., at the First Methodist house on the main stem. Business was near capacity with only a few seats at the rear gaping. A good break in the weather helped to fill. Gladys Fitzritz, starring in the bride's part, played opposite an unknown as the groom. This youngster will be heard from again. He has the personality stuff down fine and carries his clothes like an auto salesman. The girl has a following in town and got a big turnout. She knew her orange blossoms at the I-will stuff.

The bridesmaids clicked with plenty of the old S. A. and a high-toned wardrobe. Hokum talk from the sky pilot went over as per schedule. No gag stuff. Best man a flop, failing to lose ring on cue. A high-salaried organ pounder mopped up with old-time classical hits and the well-known march. The local peasants ate it like hash and voted it a sell.

Whether the combination will stick is a query. The knowers look for a run of two years at the outside.

—W. W. Scott, in *New York World*.

PRISONER (just back from trial): Hurrah, fellas! I'm crazy.—*Green Goat*.



*The Small One:* BEFORE I STARTS ON YOU, WHAT WOULD YOU PREFER 'EM T' BE—CHRYSANTHEMUMS OR WHITE HYACINTHS?

—*Tatler (London)*.

### Hopeless Prospects

"THIS night club game is all shot," said one waiter to another. "I've tried half a dozen times to grab off a little extra money by raising the checks, but I've been caught up at it every time."

"Serves you right," the other waiter replied. "You oughta know better. These men here to-night are in town attending a convention of auditors."

—*Youngstown Telegram*.

### In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

#### To Suit Tenant

BUILDER: This is the house, sir, in the Tudor style.

PROSPECTIVE BUYER: I don't care for the Tudor style.

BUILDER: Soon alter that, sir. George! Just bring a pail of water and wash out those oak beams.—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

#### How True!

"Too many cooks spoil the broth."

"Yes, far too many."

—*Stanford Chaparral*.

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Baffled

"These directions may be O. K., but they don't go into detail enough."



You'd Be Surprised—

at the ever increasing demand for

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our annual tribute to the faithful.

The 1928 edition (Now on Sale) contains some marvelous color reproductions of the work of those eminent artists and dog lovers, R. L. Dickey, Will Rannells and McClelland Barclay. You will want these dogs to adorn your walls and keep you cheerful during the coming year.

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LIFE'S Dog Calendar sold out  
last year. Order yours NOW.

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# and Shoemaking!

- 1 \$10.00's WORTH of shoe — in looks, leather, and craftsmanship.
- 2 FINEST GRADE of Imported and Domestic Calfskins and Cordovans, best of soles, "solid leather" shoes throughout.
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—Manchuria, Mongolia, Finland.  
Regular semi-monthly sailings, New  
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Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

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**S. S. CALIFORNIA**

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Water, One Way Rail. Or, check your  
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INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

**The Recreation  
Route**

## From a Ringside Seat

WHEN heaven and hell were both de-  
stroyed,

Not many years ago,  
And prophets such as Sigmund Freud  
Had analyzed the anthropoid  
And snared the libido,  
We laymen in contentment lay,  
And said: "That's settled, anyway."

But brief was our serene repose,

Ill-fated was our star,  
For right beneath the Freudian's nose  
New schools of modern thought arose

To tell us what we are,  
And out of the resulting schism  
Emerged what's called behaviorism.

Behaviorism proves that men

And women, kings and queens,  
From birth to three-score years and ten,  
Whate'er their ancestry has been,

Are nothing but machines,  
And automatically function  
Sans aspiration or compunction.

With this some thinkers disagree,

And argument runs high  
Among philosophers, while we  
Are calm about it as can be

And watch the feathers fly.  
No use for us to join the clatter—  
We're nothing but the subject matter!  
—S. K., in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

The autobiography of an opera star  
running serially in a magazine says, "My  
third husband was a Mr. Clark." To  
which she might have added, "I think."  
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 21)

herself, and she replied straightway,  
"Whitewashed walls, no curtains and  
an iron bed," so what I have heard  
about the children of cobblers may  
be true. To the concert hall this  
night to hear Povla Frijsch sing,  
which she does with great skill and  
beauty, and if there be a more beau-  
tiful song ever wrote than Grieg's  
"Ein Traum," I cannot, at this writ-  
ing, recall having heard it.

November Lay late, pondering a  
30th scheme for antiquing  
some velvet, my hus-  
band, poor wretch, having told me  
that he will manage it nicely for me  
if I do but provide him with a pair  
of sandpaper trousers, and did I but  
know whether or not Aunt Caroline  
is going to give me a cheque for  
Christmas, I should not be put to  
such devious ways and means, but  
since she did send me the new En-  
cyclopædia Britannica last year, my  
hopes in her direction are not what  
they have been in the past, but even  
so she is a better prospect than Aunt  
Libby, who, in spite of extra divi-  
dends that would cause a flutter even  
in Morgan and Co., sent me a trick  
brocade purse, in a hidden compart-  
ment of which was a card reading,  
"Merry Christmas to Mrs. Penfield  
from Jim and Emily Worthington."  
To luncheon at an inn with Lacey  
Short, eating two rolls, like a fool,  
but I cannot resist them when they  
are covered with poppy seeds, and  
am careful to consume only the  
crusts, and Lacey did tell me that  
she had been leading the existence of  
Job for the last few weeks and that  
we should need red lights and sneaky  
music properly to offset a recital of  
it, and I could well believe it after  
hearing only a few of her misadven-  
tures, which put her in a class with  
Macbeth when it came to having  
supped full with horrors, nor did she  
once suggest, whilst touching lightly  
on situations of underlying tragedy,  
that she could not have survived had  
it not been for her sense of humor, a  
restraint for which there should be  
some sort of medal.

Baird Leonard.

## Inspiration Lingers

It isn't in any of the records that  
a great masterpiece was ever created in  
the presence of the genial caller who  
plunked himself down beside the writer's  
desk and remarked, "Don't let me in-  
terrupt you—go right along with your  
work."—*Detroit News*.

"The coal doesn't come when you order it,  
and when it does come what is it?"  
—*Weekly Paper*.

'Slate again!—*Humorist* (London).



# Conditions of the All-America Travel Contest

(Continued from page 11)

**T**HE object in this Contest is to detect and correct the mistakes in Kay Vernon's letters—the fifth of which appears in this issue. Subsequent letters will appear every week in LIFE, up to the February 9th issue, when the twelfth and final letter will be published.

Kay Vernon's tour will cover most of the principal cities of the United States, and each week her letters will include descriptions of the scenes and places she has visited. In these descriptions will be many errors and inaccuracies.

Every answer to this Contest must take the form of a letter to Kay Vernon, telling her what mistakes she has made, and correcting those mistakes.

The prizes will be awarded to those who detect and correct the greatest number of mistakes in each of Kay's letters, and who express themselves most effectively in their letters to her. Answers to this Contest do not have to be humorous or elaborate in presentation. They must be clear, concise and to the point. Answers are limited to four hundred words each. There is no limit to the number of answers any one contestant may submit.

The answers to each of Kay's letters will be judged separately and the weekly prizes awarded accordingly. The grand prizes will be awarded to those who have the best record throughout the Contest as a whole. It is not necessary to answer all of Kay's letters to be eligible for the grand prizes. All answers to this Contest must be addressed to KAY VERNON, LIFE, 398 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Answers to Kay's FIFTH LETTER must reach LIFE's office not later than 12 noon on Thursday, January 12th. Announcement of the winners will appear in the February 2nd issue of LIFE.

All answers must be typewritten, or written legibly and neatly, using one side of the paper only. Each sheet of manuscript must be marked with the contestant's name and address, and with the

## WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE A PARTY!



**W**HEREVER you see a lot

of nice people having an absolutely wonderful time—which means whenever you find the younger crowd engaged in being themselves—you're pretty certain to run into a whale of a lot of Fatima smokers.

# FATIMA



**Everything that makes a cigarette stay liked!**

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number of Kay's letter that is being answered.

In the event of a tie, the full prize will be given to each tying contestant.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The Contest is open to every one, except members of LIFE's staff and their families.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE, whose decision will be final.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE!

**O**WING to the overwhelmingly large number of answers received, and the difficulty of deciding between them, the Judges of the All-America Travel Contest have found it impossible to announce this week the winning answers to Kay's FIRST LETTER.

The winners will be announced in LIFE next week, and the prizes awarded.

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*I'm going  
to test this  
new tooth paste  
in my  
bureau  
of standards*

## YOUR MONEY'S WORTH

**A**DVERTISING may not be perfect, but how would you like to live in a community without any?

I, myself, wouldn't like to go back to the days when things had no names and we had to buy nondescript nonentity merchandise out of barrels and bins.

In those days you couldn't even knock an inferior product satisfactorily—not knowing its name. Today if we have a bad word for a mouth wash or a safety razor we can call it by name and a nation will hear. Big-scale advertising makes possible not only big-scale acceptance but big-scale condemnation. Big-scale knockers will do well to choose advertised products or they will find a small audience.

An inferior product without a name may thrive insidiously for years. But a valid discovery of a defect or a shortcoming in an advertised trade-marked product can kill it overnight. You and I can turn reputation into notoriety in a jiffy if we know names.

National advertising makes possible a quick nation-wide public test of a new product in the fiercest of all bureaus of standards—that of practical trial and use by you and me. And if that product does not measure up—zowie!

You public (including me) were not born yesterday. You don't need any text books to teach you how to howl if you don't get your money's worth.

*Andy  
Consumer*

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*The Season's Best*